"THE PLAINS,"

[All the Year Round]

The name did not apply distinctively to the house in which the Miss Harveys lived, but was the appellation of the whole short, wide, comfortable-looking street in which Miss Harveys dwelt in middle-aged bealth and comfort.

Their house, like most of its fellows, was tall, of red brick, approached by four rather steep stone steps, and entered by a stout oak door, on which gleamed a brass knocker o design and workmanship. But the Miss Harveys' house differed from its neigh bors in respect of being more snowy as to its steps, more brilliant as to its windows, more ning as to its knocker, and more up to the mark as regarded its general appearance

than any of its neighbors.

"A thoroughly well-kept house," the other occupants of the short street said, pointing it out with pride; "and inhabited by two of the best and 'best kept'—in mind, heart and soul —women that ever lived."

"Dear ladies, both of them-women who weathered many a storm in early life, but who had not got roughened or hardened in the process; women who had seen a fair property dissipated by extravagance on the of a father whom they had never found it in their hearts to censure; who had, after that, been thrown into a tumultuous state of feeling by learning that they were the coa wealthy uncle; women who had worked patiently and unceasingly as companions or governesses during several years of their great expectations; and who had finally been rewarded at their uncle's death by finding that he had left the his property to his deceased wife's niece—"a young lady of considerable personal attractions," she would probably have been described had she figured in a police report. As she never achieved that celebrity, in order to put her personelle plainly before the reader, it shall be said at she was a fine, well-grown, audacious looking girl, endowed with masses of light bronze and gold, thick, milky-white skin, big blue eyes, and an inordinate love of and craving for admiration.

To his own nieces the infatuated old gentleman, who had made an heiress of this Lillian Taylor, had left 200 a year each. And on their united income of 400 they re-tired to the house which had been described. in the heart of a pretty wood and river sur rounded town in South Devon.

it was not an exciting or a greatly diver-sified life this, which the Miss Harveys led, but they were well content with it, and grateful for the means of living it. Their astes were simple enough to be satisfied with the monotonous round of social life in the little town and its vicinity. Their kindly natures compelled them to feel a strong interest in their fortunes and misfortunes, the s and sufferings of every man and ast in the town. Their yearning for travel and adventure was amply gratified by their drives through the surrounding scenery in low, four-wheeled carriage, drawn by a shaggy, but most sure-footed pony. n Morning News kept them quite sufsciently posted up as to contemporaneous The dainty ordering of their daintily ordered house gave occupation without fatiguing them. Their poorer neighbors relied them, [with reason, for such help and succor as they could afford Their richer ones respected them. Every one who knew them took an interest in their quiet happiness and unpretending ways. And, altogether, it may be safely affirmed that two r and more contented maiden ladies could not have been found within the limits of the United Kingdom than were these two Miss Harveys of the Plains.

Envy and greed were such strangers to their breasts that when it was more than hinted to them, on the occasion of their uncle's death, that undue and altogether unemly and improper influences had been brought to bear upon him in the matter of the distribution of his property, they resolutely closed the subject ther discussion on it. They were grateful for and satisfied with what he had left them. It was between Miss Taylor and her conscience if she had bent or wheedled him to will by unworthy means,

They had been living in the Plains about ten of good standing and most desirable ac quaintances" by local society, when some new people, called Kesterton, came into the neighborhood, causing considerable commo-tion in the aforesaid society by their coming.

The place they took for a term of sever years was a picture-que, pretty, verandaed some standing in its own banks of a water lily be lecked pond, which was just large enough to justify its appellation of the Lake house. There was no shooting let with the house, and the fish ing in the pend was not good enough to lure tenants to the Lake house. The Kestertons were absolutely unknown to the best people, or indeed to any people round about this region into which they had ventured. Therefore, local society put its considering cap on, and came to the conclusion that, as it knew nothing either for or against the Kestertons, there must be something strange about them. but that, until that "something" transpired local society's plain duty was to call and en courage them They were almost transparent to the k

local vision, these innocent Kestertons as soon as they were called upon. The motives which had brought them to the Lake house were open and honest as the day. The house was good and full of capabilities. The country round was lovely in itself, and they een told, was plentifully sprinkled with any number of good, hospitable, delightful people, who were always glad to see new blood infused into their social life. Mr. Kesterton was an idle man, fond of trout fishing, and the Avon, which flowed down from the heart of Durtmoor, within easy reach of him, bad a rare reputation for trout. Mrs. Kesterton was fond of tennis and anxious to join an archery club. What better opportunity could she have of gratify ing these tastes of hers than by joining the archery and tennis clubs at Avon Wick The lady was something more than a good amateur artist, too, and the wooded slopes and dells, the wild moor distances, and the high-hedged, flowery lanes all had their charms for her. People with such tastes, combined with good looks and fair fortunes, were, on the face of it, a great acquisition to the neighborhood.

For that their fortunes were fair was reasonably to be assumed from the style in y came down and took up their abode at Lake house. A correct but not ex aggerated staff of servants, a well-appointed little carriage and pair of ponies for the lady, a capital pair of backs, and a sturdy cob and a well-built dog-cart for the huband, betokened not only prosperity, but a habit of living as if they were well accus

tomed to prosperity.

And that their looks were good no one could deny. He was one on whom "middle age had slightly set its signet age?" but there vas not the slightest suspicion of "adipose deposit" about him as yet. Of stature fair with long, lithe, cleanly-cut limbs, a wellgroomed head and mustache, and a splendid eat in the saddle, he was soon voted highly ecorative, both at dinner-tables and in the

hunting field.

Highly decorative, "but not interesting to talk to," some hypercritical people averred.

But this was really being extortionate in their demands, more reasonable and exact-ing ones felt. Why should a man be "intergood cook, a habit of giving dinners, a cap-ital seat on a horse, that always enables him to be in a good place in the field, and a wife whose beauty was only equaled by powers of fascination, and her desire to be agreeable to all and sundry!

They had no children a circumstance she regretted openly and touchingly to her new lady friends. Her hashand was silent on the subject, but his wife said for him that his distress was even deeper than bers, as he had strongly developed domestic tastes, qualities which he concealed under the guise of taciturnity and reserve in society. See, however, being the very soul of franness and openness, never made the attempt to conceal any of her tastes, hopes, disappointments, or feelings generally, and she only hoped her new and charming circle would forgive her for being so entirely on

the surface, and take her as she was." It was very easy to "take her as she was," she was so very charming in manner, so bewitching in her bright blands beauty so full of sunshine that she seemed to beam upon every one who came within reach of life in the neighborhood. People began to into their midst to stir them up and set them

they were to meet her at a luncheon party their friend, Mrs. Hale, the doc tor's wife. They looked out their best old lace ruffles and collars and cuffs, and put on their handsomest mantles and most irre-proachable bonnets, and went forth in quite a little pleasurable tremor of excitement to

Mrs. Hale's drawing-room was full when the Miss Harveys arrived, for in these hospitable regions luncheon is not a light and airy nothing, to which you are invited to sit down to trifle with fragmentary delicacies as an excuse for meeting and conversing in the middle of the day. It is rather a good, substantial, sensible repast, commencing with soup and ending, after many intermediate courses, with grapes worthy of being offered up at the shrine of young Bacchus.

Accordingly, wise hostesses take the op-portunity of wiping off the scores against them by inviting just as many to these midsts as they would to a late dinner which has its conveniences in the winter season, when the precipitous character of the country in this part of the county is taken onsideration. So now Mrs. Hale had called in a large number of the nicest people she knew to come and eat luncheon and look

at Mrs. Kesterton Kestertons were in admirable time: The they timed their arrival with such exquisise punctuality that, though the luncheon was announced the moment after they came, and though they were the last comers, not a single dish was kept waiting for an instant. Still, if they had been a few minutes earlier, their kindly hostess would have been better pleased. She did so much wish to introduce the beautiful Mrs. Kesterton to two or three of her old friends-notably to her dear friends the Harveys.

But it was impossible. Luncheon was announced, and Mrs. Kesterton swept off in pansy-colored velvet dress, the outlines dewith feather trimmings of the same shade, on Dr. Hale's arm.

A little hum-it did not amount to a "buzz"—of admiration followed her. It proceeded from the assemblage of ladies, and was called forth-"extracted" from them, in fact-by the way she had embraced every one in the genial apology she had made for not having come two seconds sooner. The perfect cut and fit of her dress had something to do with it. The Miss Harveys were so taken with her profile and back views, as she slid into the drawing-room, and was then dining-room by her wheeled off into the host, that they quite felt that they had been culpably negligent in not having called on

"Really culpably negligent," Miss Harvey whispered to her hostress, next to whom she was setting; "and I am sure Cynthia feels the same." Cynthia was the second Miss Cynthia was the second Miss Harvey, the staider and more thoughtful, and, perhaps, a shade the less popular of

the popular sisters.

"Miss Cynthia is quite struck with Mrs. Kesterton's beautiful face-I can see that; she has hardly moved her eyes from Mrs. Kesterton since we satdown," Mrs. Hale rejoined in high good humor. Mrs. Kesterton had been specially engaged, days before other people were invited, to shine at this Therefore, Mrs. Hale was naturally well pleased that the graceful attrac she had secured should be a prominent object of attention and topic of

"Ah, Cynthia is an artist, you know," Miss Harvey said with pride. "Self-taught— in her youth, poor dear, we hadn't the means of getting instruction for her-but a real ar tist, I assure you. She always sees more in a face than I do, reads off the bad and the good that speak through the human counenance like a book."

"She can only read what is good in that lovely face, I am sure," the hostoss replied, warmly; and Miss Harvey agreed warmly with her, and again expressed the opinion that she and her sister had been culpably negligent in not having called on Mrs. Kes-

terton before this. But at least the pleasure of an introduction to the bewitching stranger was promised to her as soon as Mrs. Hale could get the opportunity after luncheon. And Mi Harvey, contented with this promise, turned her attention to her immediate neighbor during the rest of luncheon time, and became immersed in local politics

It was winter when this agreeable little reunion took place at Mrs. Hale's to house, and that lady was utilizing her privileges and the occasion to the utmost, by having an afternoon "at home" to follow the luncheon. Several young ladies from the surrounding country houses had been invited to "bring a few songs and a little music," and their brothers and cousins, if these gen-tlemen could be persuaded to come home an hour or two earlier from shooting for the sake of hearing Mrs. Kesterton sing. These invitations had been freely responded to. Soon there was quite a little crowd in Mrs. Hale's drawing-room, and as it was thickest round the popular beauty, the opportunity of being introduced to the latter, which Miss

larvey so ardently desired, was lost to her. Mrs. Kesterton sang well, and received all the plaudits which her singing called forth, sweetly and unaffectedly. Miss Harvey ventured to remark to Mr. Kesterton that "he must be very proud of his gifted wife," on which he roused himself from a daydream and generously declared that he was "very proud of her; she was a real trump! She did what she wanted to do and didn't care what any one thought of her She'd snap her fingers in anyone's face who went agen her-that's what she'd do: and why shouldn't she! she'd got beauty and brains and a thundering good banking ac-

Mr. Kesterton's manner and diction struck Miss Harvey as being "odd," to say the least of it. Indeed, though he looked well, dressed well, and stood well, Miss Harvey could not belp arriving at the unpleasant conclusion gentleman.

It was not till the party was breaking up nd Mrs. Kesterton was departing that the introduction to her was effected for Miss Harvey. In the haste of the moment Mrs. Hale forgot to menton Miss Harvey's name: but Mrs. Kesterton's reception of her was as cordial as if Miss Harvey had been a duchess. "I hope to see you soon, and often at the Lake house," she said quite effusively in her

eagerly energetic way, warmly shaking hands with half a dozen people simultane-ously. Then summoning her "Lion," as she called her husband, she swept away out of the house with graceful velocity, and the remaining guests burst forth into eulogies of her "beauty, grace, and unaffected vivac-

Not all the remaining guests, though, Miss Cynthia was strangely silent. Miss Cynthia looked strangely scared. Miss Cynthis was most strangely unsympathetic.
"I hope—I pray with all my heart I may

never see the woman and her evil spirit again," she said, when her sister forced her to give expression to some sort of opin-ion respecting the general object of interest. "You surely can't call that distinguishedlooking husband of hers her 'evil spirit' Mrs. Hale asked blithely, while th aughed and jested, and declared that "poor Miss Cynthia was as piqued as a man might have been by having been overlooked by the

captivating beauty."

To all this jesting Miss Cynthia turned a weary ear, and privately begged her sister to "go home at once," admitting that she

was "strangely upset by something."

If they had followed the popular beauty home, they would have seen her cast her smiles and careles-ness as completely as a snake does its skin, as soon as she had flown up-stairs and locked her bedroom door hahind her. And they would have heard her mutter, as she clasped her hands over her

eyes, and her head on the pillow: "Leave me-leave me-leave met I will kneel and pray to you to leave mel"

"Didn't I please you to-day. I held my tongue, didn't speak to any one but an old hag, who began carneying to me about you." Mr. Kesterton said, when they were alone that evening after dinner.

"Oh, you did well enough, Lion." "Then why do you look so precious salky? She shook her head impatiently. "Don't make me mad by noticing my looks

and take care what you say."
"There's no one to hear me. What are you looking over your shoulder for! The servants are gone. "Silence!" she cried, stamping her foot is "Your fads are growing on you, my girl,

he said, crossly; "you're right enough when you're in company."

"In company!" Don't use such phrases: do forget the servants' hall," she interrupted

He laughed jeeringly. "Don't you wish you could put me back into it! You could do so much better if I

wasn't in your way; such a charming beauty as you, with all your money and fine dresses, might get a real gentleman to marry you now. Do you ever think of the day you began to court me first-"

Silence, you coward!" "No, I'm no coward; if I'd been one I should have been afraid to get myself tied up at the registry office to a woman who'd broken the law and married her head annt's husband, . , that she might get the better chance of poisoning him, and working on him to leave her all his money. No, I'm no coward, Lily-don't you fancy I am one, Why, you've murder in your face now, woman! Can't you take a joke?

He finished with an uneasy laugh, and edged further away from her, as with a convulsive violent movement she sprang from her seat. His words recalled her to herself. She clasped her hands tightly over her head, and murmuring:

"Murder! Is it murder!" got herself away art of the room before he could good her further,

A few days after this Mrs. Kesterton sent ut invitations for an evening "at home She had come to the end of her list, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction with a sense of duty done, when she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten the pleasant, elderly woman who had been introduced to her at Mrs. Hale's luncheon.

"There were two of them; I didn't catch eir names -did your she asked her hus

"Twas Hardy, or Halton, or some name of that sort," he answered carelessly. So, failing to get the requisite information from him, the hospitable mistress of the Lake hop a inclosed a blank invitation card to Mrs. Hale, with the request that she would fill it in with the names of the two agreeable maiden ladies-sisters-whom she (Mrs. Kasterton) had had such great pleasire in meeting, but whose names had unfortunately escaped her memory.

In due time the invitation reached the Miss Harveys, and the elder sister was duly delighted at the receipt of it. But Miss Cynthia manifested an unaccountable averon to going to the Lake house under any circum-tancos

"Don't try and persuade me, for your per snasions will all be thrown away," she said, with what appeared to her sister to be un necessary vehemence. "I only hope I may never set eyes on that woman again. "Why," Miss Hervey questioned.

"That I am not going to tell you."
"Then I consider you most weakly, not to say wickedly, prejudiced," Miss Harvey with a greater air of severity than she had ever before assumed toward her sister.
"It's cruel of you to say that," Miss Cynthia said emotionally; but though her tones were wavering, her intention apparently was not,

for she held to it stoutly for several days. But on the morning of the day the close of which was to witness the festivities at the Lake house, Mrs. Hale-privately instructed by Miss Harvey-brought her forces to bear upon the contumacious lady. To stay away, hen she had not the plea to urge of either ill-health or a previous engagement, would, the doctor's wife affirmed, have a very strange, not to say uncharitable and suspi cious, appearance in the eyes of all those who she had been invited. Besides, what was there-what could there be about M Kesterton to make Miss Cynthia shrink from

Briefly and emphatically Miss Cynthia replied:

"Heaven knows!" "You will spoil your sister's pleasure entirely by remaining away; it's not like you to indulge a selfish caprice at the cost of her happiness," Mr. Hale urged.

happiness," Mr., Hale urged.

"Oh, if you could let me alone in this matter," Miss Cynthia cried rather wildly;
"I'm frightened and miserable enough already—" She checked herself, and added ready—" She checked herself, and none-more calmiy: "Think me selfishiy capri-cious, my dear old friend, if you will, only don't drag me to do what my very soul rebear Miss Cynthia, you alarm me," Mrs.

Hale cried with genuine concern. "Do y know—is it p ssible that you can susp anything against that charming woman's I pray to heaven I may never set eyes on that charming woman again," Miss Cynthia

said fervently. *Really, you make me uneasy in spite of and you may be a preacher for all any one my own conviction that everything is quite right about the Kestertons," said Mrs. Hale in a vexed tone. "To be sure, he is not very polished in conversation, but he looks well,

and one can't have everything. However, you have made me uncomfortable, Miss Cynthia, and I can't help feeling that you are not acting with your usual kindly tact and consideration."

"If Cynthia is so obstinate I shall not go either, and I have looked forward to this evening with greater pleasure that I ever looked forward to any party since my girlood," Miss Harvey said resignedly, and at this Miss Cynthia gave way and piteously announced that she would do as they pleased. After making this concession she strove to put a cheerful face on it, and took as much trouble in arranging her toilet for the even-ing as even her sister could desire.

Was it any thought of its being the anni-versary of poor, old Uncle Edward's death

that made you so unwilling to go to Mrs. Kesterton's to-night, Cynthia?" Miss Harvey asked when they were dressed and awaiting the fly which was to take them to the Lake "Dear me, no! It is the 14th of January.

I had quite forgotten it," Miss Cynthia re plied simply.

And then with a sinking of the tone and a

Mrs. Kesterton was in "splendid form"
that night. All the men assembled vowed that night. All the men assembled vowed that she was so, and all the women commented upon the matchless taste with which her dress was devised to display her beauty. "A perfect hostess, nobly planned," they all declared her to be, and in the general satisfaction no one noticed how ill Miss Cynthia Harvey looked, or how uncontrollably nervous she seemed.

"Refreshments at 12" had been the unassuming notification on the invitation could.

"Refreshments at 12" had been the unassuming notification on the invitation cards, so that the many were surprised to find an exquisitely ordered banquet served at a score of small tables that would seat four persons each, in the large dining-room.

"It's a custom I learned in France, where I spent my whole life till I came to the Lake house," Mrs. Kesterton said unblushingly to those who compliment d her on the arrangement; "four people must be stupid indeed if they can't get genial and amusing when brought together at a dear, little round.

brought together at a dear, little round, well-spread table. Dr. Hale, will you comweir-spread table. Dr. Hale, will you com-plete the party at my table?"
"Unfoubtedly I will. I'll fetch the lady whose interests I've promised to attend to during the solemn hour of supper." he said, as he walked away in search of Miss Cyn-

to be her destination, and who was to be her vis-a-vis, that she protested she did not want any supper, and would rather stay want any supper, and would rather stay alone in the de-erted drawing-room. Dr. Hale blithely disregarded her reluctance, led her to and planted her in a chair opposite

to their brilliant hostess, and proceeded to enjoy that hady sconversation, together with the good things she had provided. As he sat between the two ladies at the round table he had a full view of their faces, and looking up suddenly, he was stag-gered to see that Mrs. Kesterton had a look of terror in her face, while Miss Cynthia's were an expression of uncontrollable horror. Before he could speak, however, the latter with a cry that was almost a shrick flew

from the room.

With a hasty apology to his hostess, Dr. With a masty apology to his hostess, Dr Hale followed his old friend, Miss Cynthia. He found her in the ladies' cloak-room, hud-dling on her wraps in frantic haste.

dling on her wraps in frantic haste.

"Don't stop me; let me go, and—bring my sister away, she sobbed out; "don't ask me anything till I get home—then I'll tell you."

She grew calmer after they got her home, but still her state of trembling nervousness was such that for three or four hours Dr. Hale did not feel justified in leaving her. At length, as morning broke, she seemed quieter, dropping off to sleep, but suddenly she started up with a choked, horrid cry.

"I will tell yo" now—now, what I saw— "I will tell you now-now, what I saw-what has nearly killed me," she cried. "I' tell you both now that you may be less hor-rifled when you hear what is happening now at this very time at the Lake house. Behind that woman's shoulder peers an awful face always whispering to her, always felt by her, always seen by her. I saw it once or twice at your luncheon, Dr. Hale; it has never left her, never left off whispering and threaton-ing all this night. She handled her knife for a moment as if she would have killed he self, when I shrieked and started up-

self, when I shrieked and started up— "The doctor's wanted this very minute, please," the servant said in a loud whisper at this, juncture, and Dr. Hale left Miss Cya-thia, her terrible disclosure still ringing in his ears, to hear why he was summoned so ouse, sir," his own servant stepped forward say, "Mrs. Kesterton has cut her throat,

and though she is quite dead, they though she is quite dead, they though they had better send for you.

The Miss Harveys went on to the end their days, living in absolute contentment their modest income in the Plains, thou

many people said they might have been rich women if they had liked to dispute the dis-position of the property out of which their uncle had been cajoled by the unhappy woman they had only known as Mrs. Kes-

A Bad Year for Weddings

[Boston Transcript.] Weddings in India will be unlucky if celebrated during this year. Every twelve years in the Hindoo calendar occurs a year during which it is held that no marriage must take place, and accordingly within the last few months the matrimonial market has been unusually lively. This custom will greatly affect the government registration department, which is sometimes used to register curious matrimonial provisions. Thus, in one village, a husband undertake by deed never to beat or abuse his wife; another bridegroom registers his prom live always with his father-in-law or pay a large sum in default, and in another case a low-class Hindoo, who is the son of a second husband, binds himself not to occupy such seats at marriage ceremonies as are intended for those of his class who are sons by first husban is. The registration department also lately prepared a deed whereby two native belonging to opposite factions undertook to enter into a certain religious dispute, the vanquished side to pay an indemnity and secome the victor's disciple.

Reduces His Independence. [Alfred E. Lee in The Current.] In estimating the rates of wages, the pre vailing habit of paying gratuities, known as trinkgeld (drink money-in France, pourboire) should be considered. This custom, which, let us devoutly hope, may never take root in this country, bears the tamp of the ancient feurial system, which made the employer a master and the employed a serf, and is one of the most degrading and demoralizing influences which affect German labor. Not because the drink money is actually spent for drink, or otherwise squandered, although the laborer is naturally prone to be more proligal of that which h ceives as a gift than he is of his regular pay, but the practice of making part of his ompensation a favor to be conferred at discretion reduces his independence and man-

Look a Little Ahead.

sort of licensed beggary.

od, and converts his honorable toil into a

Hold your tongue and your pen, my boy. Every time you are tempted to say an uncentle word, or write an unkind lin mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop; look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then.

When Examined.

[Zanesville (Ohio) News.] There is a popular and somewhat super icial notion that flogging is as necessary for boys as oxygen or copper-toed shoes, but the notion when examined is found to be applicable only to other people's boys.

THE MAN FROM NOD.

[J. H. Kennedy in The Current.] The shock-headed boy threw another stone at the butcher's dog, and then falling back on his base of supplies by the old well curb, found himself close upon the man in the hammock under Miss Denny's apple-tree.

"See here," said the man, as the urchin came to a strategic halt, "I wonder if your mother would sell you to me, and would she haggle over the price. How does it strike "That depends. Wot would you do with

"Really, I don't know. You admit you are fat, and I might want to ship you to the Cannibal islands as a speculation. Or I might want to make a choir boy of you, if little of that hourseness could be taken out of your voice, and your hair persuaded to stay anywhere. There are lots of ways of using boys in the place I came from." "Say," said the boy, with a new show of interest, "do you know wot my mother

"I must confess that I do not. The vers tile female tongue-" "She says that she guesses you don't live nowhere. She says that you may be pirate

She says that you do nothin but eat and sleep, and that fore you come here they must have kept you awake all night with nothin' to eat. Say, mister," and the wheedling tone of the mother was unconsciously adopted by the boy, "where did you come from, anyway?" The man in the hammock dropped back

with a smile, and, shading his eyes from a spray of sunshine that fell down among the apple blossoms, said lazily: "I have been told that your interesting mother is a sort of missionary of personal intelligence for this neighborhood. I like to encourage home in-dustries; and just to help her along, you may tell her that Miss Denny's lazy boarder, who certainly does eat and sleep a great deal, is just out of the Land of Nod." The boy was true to his mother's example.

Comprehending the one phrase that could be of service to her, he shot homeward like an arrow, that it might be safely delivered before being jostled out of his heedless little head. And before the cows were well asleep in their bed; of dew-besprinkled grass that night, the people of Farmdale, from the red choolhouse on the hill to the tannery in the hollow, were in full po session of the first admission as to himself yet made by the mysterious stranger who had fed the fires of their curiosity through four long weeks of

the budding spring.

The moon, that looked into the eyes of the seaceful kine that night, found time also to ouch the white shawl that hung about little Miss Denny as she sat on the steps of the old farm-house, around which the village had grown. The hammock hung empty near by, while back under the honeysuckle the man from Nod, not asleep and not eating, but as indolent in attitude and speech as when negotiating for the purchase of sixty-

odd pounds of shock headed boy. woman was pulling a spray of green to pieces with a vehemence that showed her protest against the thought to which his lips

were giving form. "Believe me, Miss Denny, that you are giving yourself a courage and faith you do ot possess-that one woman in 10,000 cannot possess. You see that when Rebekah o sopotamia followed the chosen servant of Abraham into a strange land it was no great venture on her part. He told her of the home to which she was to go, of the man she was to wed. It was a family affair, you see, and her father was a relative of the father-in-law that was to be. Now, do you really mean to say to me that even though you loved a man with all the love that such women as you can give, you would take him on perfect trust—would give him your future on a chance, and, placing your hand in his walk fearlessly with him out into the

dark!" "I would And why not!" "It is against nature-against woman na

"But if I loved him! If I loved him as voman should love before she weds. I could trust him with all that it was best I should not know, and go with him into bonds or exile!

"I believe that. I know it. But martydom,

my child, is nothing beside a right to knowledge that goes unsatisfied. You would meet a lion unmoved, but let this mysterious and un described lover refuse to tell you of himself, his profession, his mother, his past and his income, and you would lay a har before him beyond which he could not ad vance. You would say to him: 'You will not trust me, and I dare not trust you.' The marriage license would never be put to use "You do not understand me, sir," she said simply. "I could not give the love until had given the trust—such trust as a child gives to its father in the dark. I could then close my eyes and be led. Perhaps this sounds foolish to you, but you asked me a question, and I have given you an answer. If Farmdale knew little of this man, there was less of Miss Denny that it did not know. Its knowledge of him could be briefly That he had ridden into it one night on the down stagecoach, and asked at the postoffice to be shown a quiet place where board could be had for a week or so; that the next morning found him at the cozy table of Miss Denny, beside the clerk of the village store, flanked right and left by the manager of the tannery and the schoolmater, and opposite the mistress of the house, who sat entrenched behind the daintiest of her household gods; that he had slept, lounged, and eaten with the air of one who, at 38, had thrown off some great mental or business strain that had already grown streaks of gray in his hair; that he spent money as freely as need be in the narrow ways and close economies of this small Ohio town; that his chief delight and one known

vice was to fire good-humored tirades at the urchins of the neighborhood, in words far beyond their comprehension; that he had given to no man and to no woman one hint as to his past or his home, and that the bravest of them had not cared to question

Laid beside these mysteries, the life of Miss Denny was an open book that even the children could read. Its lessor was pure and simple. Even that missionary of per sonal intelligence, who had taken upon her self the responsibility, of being mother to the shock-headed boy, could find no broken letter or distorted chapter in it that venom would lie upon. "Know Janet Denny!" would have answered you, "Well, I should say so. She was 31 last December, 10th 1 believe-perhaps the 9th-it was a Tuesday, anyway. Her father gave up and died ten years ago-didn't amount to much, with his readin' in the haymow, and a sermonizin' at the woodpile. Her mother has been gone too, goin' on five years. Smart gal. Take boarders, and her folks didn't even leave her the house she lives in. She taught school once, in the seminary at Mayfield, but gave it up to nurse her mother. Reads po -not that I can see the good of

it, but 'spect she does, or she wouldn't do it. She always says what she means, does her own work like the rest of t and makes her own bonnets. Heard she had the chance to marry a jabbering Dutchman, one of them professors over at Mayfield, but don't believe it. 'Twould take a braver man than a little Dutchman with a long name to make love to her. Sae had a beau once, thing was said, and Janet kept kinder quiet for a few years. No, she'll live and die an old maid. I've always said that, But se here! What did that dodgin' fellow in the speckled suit mean by tellin' my Bill that he come from the Land of Nod! My man says there aint no such place in these diggings and my old man has traveled."

Janet had indeed answered his question with honesty, but she was too much of the woman to confess that when the argument began to take shape between them some weeks ago, her position had been assumed for that argument's sake. But by dint of much repetition, and the searching of all the noo's and corners of her heart for pleas in support of her theory, she had unconsciously become her own first and most steadfast convert, and burned with all the zeal of the martyrs of old.

Had she known—had she dreamed for a

moment-of the love that had sprung up in the heart of the stranger who had halted for rest at her gate, and that he was only hiding it until such time as confession should be the most certain to win success, not all the eloquence and all the challenges that his fips could utter would have led her promulgate or defend the faith to which she

had given her discipleship. She knew it all a week later. For the first time in his life, he called her by th name her mother had given her. And a she looked up with a flush, in which there was no touch of anger, be took her hand, and, turning toward the western sky, said "Janet, there may be glory and there may storm behind that bank of clouds God sends his burdens and his gifts as he chooses, and we must take them as they I have had my share of each in the years behind me. I had thought the way was plain ahead-that I was approaching the summit of the hill and years would begin to go down the other side, new, a sudden, a blessed light has shon into my heart, and I bless the road that led me here. I love you, Janet. Will you be

It came with the lightning stroke of a absolute, a blinding surprise. Though, in looking once, she might have seen it in his eyes, she might have heard it in his voice and felt it in his presence, she had been blind and deaf, and had not un

derstood. I will not chronicle the answer she gave him. There are some things so simple in their honesty, and yet so sacred, that they cannot be written. She opened her heart to him and laid it bare in his presence; and as he heard the tale of a sweet and lonely life, he felt as though the white Mary of an altar shrine had made confession t him, and the tears stood in his eyes, and he was a better man and a nobler man in that bour than he had been in all his life before. She made one condition. It was simple but from it no entreaty could move her.

"You must leave me for three months. In that time do not see me. Do not write to me. If you find that you have misread your heart I shall know it and hold you in no blame, and you will not come back to me If I see you here when the day of banish ment has ended, you will have my answer When the clerk, the schoolmaster and the superintendent of tanners came to breakfast on the following morning, one chair was vacant, and all the answer Miss Denny could give, had no consolation in it-for they had come to like the fellow, and to de fend him stoutly against the insinuations of baffled curiosity. "He bade me good-bye last night," she said, "and left on the up coach at dawn. He did not tell me where he was going, and he may never come back." And then a wave of speculation

swept over the village for nine days, and was still. There never was a scalpel sharp enough for the dissection of a true woman's soul. This blunt pen dare not, then, attempt it. It is sufficient to know that there was not a day, and not an hour, in which some vision or some question that touched mon him wa not in her mind. At times she looked at the circumstances that by chance had throw them together, and said to herself: "It was the passing fancy of a moment. He will not return!" But again she saw the light that shone in his eyes when he turned that night toward the western sky, and beard the tremor in his voice, and her soul asserted it self as it never had in the old days of loveless peace, and she whistered, so that ever the air could not hear it: "He loves me, and he will return." But not for a moment did e question the judgment that put him to

The shock-headed boy was at the postoffice when the night coach dashed up, and when the man from Nod alighted, it was the boy who took his smallest sachel with the unconscious commandery of old acquaintance; and at was the boy's sturdy legs that, of their own volition, started the brief procession toward Mrs. Denny's house. But as the man and the larger sachel meekly followed it is to be presumed that on this occasion the juvenile instinct was not in fault. At the gate the guide was feed and handsomely dis-

The man from Nod was certainly not asleen this time. Dropping his sachel on the grass, he passed through the empty and unlighted parlor, went into the dining room only to find it deserted, and passed from thence on into the kitchen, where he heard a well-beloved voice singing softly to itself. If, as he afterwards told her, his heart "had grown hungry for her," it must have

been feasted and fed on the manna of heaven then. Her white arms were bare to the elbows, and a huge apron hung as a shield between the dishpan and the spotless lawn about her, there was a blue ribbon at her throat, a flush on her cheek-and in her eyes there flashed a sudden light, that the dullest "laggard in love" of all the land could have The China teacup in her hand was in danger, when he closed in upon her. If he

had not kissed her then, or had feit that his duty was done in kissing her once, all the dark insignations of the woman over the way ought to have been true against him, for the very credit of mankind.
"I have done your bidding," he said an hour later, as they stood together under the honeysuckle vines. "I have not wriften to you. The road has been a hard one, but it

has been good for my soul, and it has brought me back to you. It has shown that there is no doubt and no shadow of turning in my love for you." "You missed me, then?" "In every moment of the time. "You love me then?"
"On my soul, I love you. I knew it when you sent me away. I know it better now.

nd your All the answer that she gave and all the

All the answer that she gave and all the answer that he sought was this: She laid her hands in his and with her head upon his breast, she whispered; "I have given my life into your keeping. My faith goes with it. Lead me where you will,"

"But of me—my home, my life, my past—"

"I ask you nothing. Let the future tell.
Where love can go, faith must have strength to follow!"

The minister who had baptized her when a babe, stood before them in the morning's dawn, and pronounced the sacred words that wedded two lives together as one. The early coach that brought three passengers into town carried five away; and the dear places that had known Miss Denny for these many years, knew her no more for-

[E. G. Cheverton.] So long ago! It seems but yesterday We stood beneath the quivering stars t part; He hopeful as a man, my woman-heart aint with foreboding. "Love," I hear h

Faint with foreboding. say-you bright stars be witness while away That I am true, for doubting doth impart A pain more grevious than the passing smart. cion." I am old and gray

still I wait and watch the stars at night scarce can hope, I have no voice for prayer. to dream his form doth glad my

I only love and trust. The stars are there and he is true. And Love will reunite
Our samler'd son's, or here or otherwhere

IRISH BOHEMIANISM.

WANDERING MINSTRELS WHO TRAVEL FROM HAMLET TO HAMLET.

The Modern Piper and His Dancing Compagion-The Street Ballad Singer-A Song-and-Dance Man on the Flinty Macadam.

nas E. Flynn in San Francisco Chronic e.1 The Bohemian class in Ireland is, in pro-cortion to the population, very large, and the shifts of the members to eke out a live-lihood very amusing. The doings and shoutings of the wandering minstrel are never ading so rees of amusement to a visitor from lands were the terrible hand-organist s monarch of all sidewalk he can survey The barrel-organ is, happily, not an established favorite in Ireland, though in my wanderings through the green isle I have en several thrifty Savo-yards endeavoring attune the native ear to its discord Pheir efforts seemed to me to be misdirected and unprofitable, for while the olive ned foreigners could never attract more

village buffoon, the visit of a native piper invariably received an oration The clock of the great Carolan, who lives deathless in the Irish minstrelsy, would smother the modern piper, who is but a vagabon! trudging from hamlet to hamlet in quest of the few coppers that keep him from the drudgery of breaking stones by roadside, or eating the degrading bread of idleness in an almshouse. He is accompanied by a dancing girl, who makes a lavish display of her accomplishments, and literally speaking, dances all over a hamlet in half an hour and through a town in an

than a listless dozen of small boys and the

afternoon The leading hotel casts a copper to the danseuse, or some swell standing on the pormay raise her day's earnings to magnificent proportions by the contribution of a threepenny bit (6 cents) or a sixpence (13 cents. Such an act of generosity calls for usually patriotic character, regardless of the feelings of the object of the serenade, who is generally the reverse of patriotic. The leading grocer always casts his mite to the wandering bard, as does the leading draper and the village doctor. This list of notables exhausted, the minstrel and his bal let have to look for remuneration to the desultory halfpence of plebian lovers of music The distance covered by one of these wan dering pipers in a week is prodigious

A far more common type of wandering bard in Ireland is the street ballad singer Of this genus there are many varietie retay observation. Few of them have the slightest pretensions to vocal ability, and the subject matter is marked by a same nakes their inability more apparent. The majority of them are merely beggars maspuerading in the garb of troubadours. Of this class there are two varieties, the profesional mendicant and the amateur unfor-

1221M Tay The wandering minstrel is a prime favorte and wins a large and appreciative auience the moment his untamed baritone olde is heard on the boundary line of the illage. He never pauses, but sings himself ad his partner right through the town, dislaining to stop and solicit alms, like the ards of inferior merit who co and mendicancy separate. He is generally deep-chested, strong-limbed fellow, who uld guide a plow or a plane with great dvantage to agriculture and trade, too independent to bind himself to the espised tasks that bring only a pittance, ithout distinction. The without distinction. The pittar with perfect independence and public reciation as a man of talent, are more to is liking. His songs are a study, and, I ink, are generally written by himself, for t would hardly pay anyone else to string uch compositions together. All of his effu

ions are permented by strong patriotic feelng-a rebellious sentiment, an English stiadiary magistrate would call it. orite theme is the departure of some dissed exile to America, where the wander s in of Erin becomes more rebellious than r and louder in his denunciations of Britmisrule. A very different type of the wandering ard is the song-and-dance man you may see ancing a "break-down" on as fine a macould find in the ong he twirls his shillalah and then proeds with his iron-bound brogans to knock parks out of the macadam. it of vocal and terpsichorean art he erforms six times as much real physical

he country, but that fact never directs his mbition to honest toil. He is a constituonal idler in the commercial sense of the egitimately from a line of ancestors who and not drudged in 100 years. In Ireland caste does as much to making a man a vaga-tond as a gentleman, or a coachman. The tinerant song-and-dance artist in Ireland joys only a moderate share of popularity. He is considerably above the grade of the old family ballad singers, but incalculably nferior to the wandering piper is a drawing star. The song-and-dance talwart generally unites some other calling to his profession and thus manages to mainain the position of a man of family, for it an irretrievable disgrace to be without a domate and a flock of children in Ireland Another type of ballad singer in Ireland differs in most respects from Il those that I have described, is the prosional vocalist who relies solely on his merits for a living. He also is a family man

and his wife is generally a songstress of some capacity. Nichette

[Cor. Boston Budget.] Before I forget, a prominent Tiler, who ants to remain nameless, but who just now sught me at my work, tells me this for He was calling the other afternoon on a well-known society woman, when she suddenly said: "I have not seen Nichette today. Wouldn't you like to see Nichettef turning to the Tiler, who thereupon expressed the great delight with which he should gree

"Stanley," called his mistress to one of the two footmen who always wait in the hall to attend callers, "bring up Nichette; and see that she has on her blue sash. Stanley." a few moments the bulking menial returned and placed in his mistress' lap a cold. slims turtle about a foot long, with a broad sill ribbon about its alleged waist. This was Nichette.

Texas Siftings. A Galveston mendicant was in the habit of calling at the office of a local lawyer and receiving a small sum on account of former equaintance. Last week the mendicant called as usual, but the lawyer said:

"I can't as ist you any longer as I've got

a wife now, and need all the money I can

"Well, now that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense." While spending a few days in the country

furing the month of November, we were invited to a Thanksgiving party. Here we net an old man just in his nineties, but still n good health and strength for one so aged. showed us the kind of work he was doing o pass away the time, which would otherlaughter had taught him how to ifghans from woolen yarns of various colors, and he worked at it when he felt like it W aw several which were very beautiful. His tealth, he said, was benefitted by the occu-pation, and he was happy in the thought that he was not idle and of no account in the



THE FOLLOWING LETTERS are selected from a large number that have been received by

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, in regard to his Remedies for the Cure of Consumption. Those who are afflicted or threatened with any Disease of the Lungs

will be well repaid by giving them a careful reading. They are all plain statements of fact, without one word of misrepresentation. This can be proved by any one who will take the trouble to call on or write to the people who

FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

sign them.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK. Dear Sir :- About sixteen years ago, while living in Canada, my health became very poor. My disease came on gradually, begin-ning with a loss of appetite and afterwards great weakness, which brought on night-sweats and a dry, hacking cough. My chest and back were very weak, and so sore that I could not bear my weight against the back of a chair. At different times I raised consider-able blood, which my physician said came from the lungs. I employed several doctors, but they all told me the same thing—that my lungs were badly affected; and the last one that I had also said that I could live but a short time, and that I had better go to my mother's home in Winstead, Ct., as soon as I could, that with careful nursing I might live for some time. When I got to my mother's was very low indeed, so that my mother sen ras very low indeed, so that my mother sens or her doctor. He pronounced me beyond all help. He, however, left me some medicine thich he said would relieve my worst symptoms. After this my mother employed another doctor, who said that one of my lungs are the control of the large for the said that one of my lungs. was nearly gone. I ate scarcely anything for several months, and never expected to get well. One day a friend, who lives in Collinswell. One day a tream, who lives a convey ville, Ct., gave my father one of your pam-phlets on Consumption. He brought it home and told me to look it over and see if any of the cases described in it were like mine. I end the book through, and found so many read the book through, and found so many cases described there that seemed as bad as mine, that were cured, that I began to hope that I too might recover by using the medicines. My father finding that they were not kept in Winstead, sent to New York and got a supply. In one week after I began their use my night-sweats ceased, and my appetite began to improve. In two weeks after this I was much better in every way. I commenced to use the medicines in March; in July I felt unite strong; in two months more I was real. quite strong; in two months more I was well, and I have had good health ever since. I be-lieve that I would not be alive to-day but for

the use of your medicines, as all the doctors I had said my disease was Consumption, and that I was incurable. Yours truly, MRS. CHAS. W. PLUMMER 274 Main St., Springfield, Mam.

From the REV. STEPHEN ROESE. MAIDEN ROCK, PIERCE Co., Wis., June 15, 1879. r. J. H. SCHESCK, Philadelphia. Northy Gentleman —It is with a feeling of grature I seat myself to write you this letter. A little over a year ago I received from you a small eax of your valuable medicines, Pulmonic Syrup. caweed Tonic and Mondrake Pills, for my wife, who Scaweed Ionic and Mondrake Pills, for my wife, who had been very stek for many years with female weakiness and weak lungs. She had had two severe attacks of Phenmonia, and our physician give it as his opinion—as from her great debility—that she could not live through the third one. She began to take your remedies according to directions, and we immediately saw great improvement in all her symptoms. She was soon free from her cough, and began to gain in flesh rapidly. At this date she is perfectly well.

cough, and began to gain in flesh rapidiy. At this date she is perfectly well.

I wish to add that your PULMONIC SYRUF is the only medicine I have ever found that gives relief in my bronchial complaint, usually called clergy-man's sore threat. Furing the winter season, if I speak much in public, I often suffer from it, but your PULMONIC SYRUF gives me immediate relief, and strengthens my voice.

REV. STEPHEN ROESE,
Missionary for American Baptist Pub. Society,
Maiden Rock, Pierce Co., Wisconsin.

The Rev. Mr. Rosse again writes, under date of wife's health remains good, showing that your medicines have made a perfect and perma-nent cure. I think your Primosic Synthe he best cough remedy in the world. I am advertising you wherever I go in my travels.

HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION CURED.

Dear Sir :- In the autumn of 1877 I had a severe cough, with terrible pain in my sides and between my shoulders. I had very little appetite, and what little I could eat only distressed me. I consulted physicians, who said my condition was a very bad one, and gave me five different cough syrups and tonics, from which I received no benefit, but seemed from which I received no benefit, but seemed to grow worse, and kept losing flesh and strength. I had night-sweats, and sweat most of the time during the day. I coughed and raised blood and a salt, foamy phlegm; my threat was filled with ulcers, I could hardly swallow; sometimes I could not speak a loud word for weeks; my lungs grew more painful every day, with difficult breathing, while eleurisy pains would almost stop my breath. I had colic pains, sour stomach, and vomiting up everything I atc. My whole body was filled with pain. I could not lie down, but had to recline in a sitting posture to breathe. I gave up, and did not think of ever getting ap again, as it was hard moving myself; my feet and ankles began to swell badly, and my hips had given out long before. In this sinking condition I thought I would try your ramedy for Consumption; it might do me some good; it could do me no harm, for I was certain I could not live a month longer the way I was. At that time May 1822. way I was. At that time, May, 1878. rected. In a week I was better, and began to throw off from the lungs a greenish-yellow matter streaked with blood. I could eat a little without throwing it up, the pains in my sides were not so severe; I could sleep an hour very soundly, and that was what I had

not done for three months.

I took your medicines steadily six months; my cough got better, I did not sweat so bad nights, kept gaining slowly, and in a year after I began your medicines I could say I felt well. I began to gain flesh, and last september weighed one hundred and thirty-five

pounds—fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed before in my life. Your medicines, I know, saved my life; and I would say, from my own experience, to all Consumptives, take Dr. Schenek's medicines, for they will certainly cure you. I had Consumption; it is hereditary in our family, my father and two brothers having died of it. have had better health the past winter than

for ten years previous. Yours respectfully, MRS. SARAH A. CARTER CARLISLE, MASS., April 5, 1880. DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES: MANDRAKE PILLS, SEAWEED TONIC

#PULMONIC SYRUP.

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. His Book on Consumption, Liver Com-plaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free to all, post-paid, Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa-"American apples are being experted in mmense quantities this year," said a dealer o a reporter. "The shipments are heavier han any year since 1879. The fruit from the United States is rapidly obtaining a fine reputation abroad and the demand is ineasing. A tray of beautiful apples stood in front of Charing Cross station a few nonths ago and was rapidly sold for 12% sents (fid.) each, while the cheapest any where about London were 8 cents. to Italy or Russia as vet, but it is expected hat they will soon be introduced there, and then there will be no trouble about their

naking their way. Thought It Was Heart Disease A Philadelphian went to a physician with what he thought was a hopeless case of heart lisease, but was relieved on finding out that the creaking sound which he had heard at every deep breath was caused by a little pulley on his patent suspenders.

To Wipe Out the Feud. Efforts are being made to have the infant aughter of King Alfonso betrothed to the roung son of Don Carlos, so that the old ally feud will be wiped out in the next

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it plaze he court, if I am wrong in this I have mother rount that is equally conclusive.